

My Mama Bakes in a Glenwood



She Says
"It
Certainly
Does
Make
Cooking
Easy"

Reynolds & Son, Barre



OPEN GAS JETS CAUSE 4 DEATHS

Black Handers Charged With
Unusual Revenge

AN INCENDIARY FIRE ALSO

Police Called in Early Morning Find
Halls and Rooms of Tenement in
Connecticut City Filled with
Escaping Gas.

Waterbury, Conn., Oct. 9.—Four Italians were killed and six others severely injured here yesterday morning as the result, it is said, of two alleged attempts by supposed members of the Black Hand society to get revenge on certain of their countrymen who had incurred their enmity.

The dead men were killed by escaping illuminating gas in a tenement in the southern part of the city. The police believe that several of the gas jets in the halls of the building were turned on during the night by Black Hand-

The police were called to the tenement shortly before dawn by an Italian who had been passing and had smelled the escaping gas.

In one bedroom they found four men lying dead, two in one bed and two in another, and the fourth on the floor, where he had apparently fallen in an effort to escape to the window. The proprietor of the boarding house, Luciano Santoro, and his wife, with four other boarders, were unconscious, but were revived by the ambulance surgeons and police. Two of them were taken to the hospital and their condition was said to be serious.

An hour later another large tenement house in an adjoining block was found in flames. All the inmates were rescued, but several of them were severely burned and were taken to the Waterbury hospital. The fire marshal says that the blaze was undoubtedly of incendiary origin. Persons in both tenements told the police of the recent receipt of Black Hand letters, and an investigation is being made.

HEIRS TO \$10,000,000.

Wealth Will Not Change Their
Life.

New York, Oct. 9.—Waking to find himself unexpectedly heir to an estate valued at \$10,000,000 Theodore R. Sears of No. 364 West One Hundred and Twenty-ninth street believes the fortune will make no difference in the routine of his life.

He is a lawyer, 35 years old, and has a wife and three children. The bequest comes from a bachelor uncle, John R. Packard of Santa Cruz, Cal., who died Saturday, leaving an estate valued at \$20,000,000. Mr. Sears, according to the terms of the will, received one-half of it.

Mrs. Sears said she voiced her husband's sentiment in asserting that their sudden wealth would make no difference in their lives.

"We are just plain people who sleep well and eat three meals a day," she said, "and we are not going to make any great changes in our mode of living just because we have come into all this money. Mr. Sears will probably continue to go to his office and attend to his law practice, and I shall continue to see my friends and do the things we have been accustomed to doing."

Mr. Sears is the father of Prof. Theodore Leslie Sears, whose romantic marriage in May of last year to Miss Nora Jenkins, daughter of Emperor William's personal physician, was the talk of two continents.

THE MCKINLEY MONUMENT.

Outside View of The Changes Proposed
By Mr. Barney.

Says the Monumental News of Chicago in its October issue—

The enlightened city of Springfield, Mass., seems to be badly in need of an expert commission on monumental art, to tell it what to think of its McKinley memorial, erected a few years ago and generally regarded as one of the most original and artistic of the many monuments to the late lamented president. It consists of a bust surmounting a well-proportioned pedestal in front of which is kneeling a female figure, holding aloft a palm branch. There has been some criticism of the work, and now the chief artist, Everett H. Barney, announces that he is going to "improve" it according to his own artistic ideas, by removing the symbolic figure and substituting a bronze tablet for it; he thinks perhaps he will also throw up some additional stonework about the base, but has not yet made up his mind as to the details. The monument is to be moved to make way for a boulevard, and the new site is already being prepared for it, even before it is decided how it is going to be altered.

Mr. Barney's only grievance against the figure as expressed in the local press is that it does not "mean anything," so he proposes to substitute for it a tablet bearing some facts and dates that will "mean something." The meaning of a symbolic figure will of course always depend to a certain degree on who is looking at it, and Mr. Barney's threatened "improvements" seem to be along the line of making the work thoroughly commonplace and uninteresting. It was executed by Philip Martiny, one of the leading sculptors of America, and it is extremely doubtful if any distinguished citizen who has given less than a lifetime to the study of sculpture could improve on it. Mr. Barney seems to have undertaken a large job in constituting himself the art jury to alter a public monument accepted by a duly authorized committee and paid for by public contributions. If he is really desirous of improving the monument the only reasonable course to take is to get a disinterested and expert committee to examine the work, and report on what improvements, if any, are needed. The majority of even the small towns of Massachusetts are now regularly seeking the services of experts in selecting their soldiers' monuments, and Springfield could hardly do less than secure such advice before altering one.

SUFFRAGETTES TO CARRY WAR TO HIGH COURT

Women Announce Their Plans With
Appeal For Funds to Wage
Fight.

New York, Oct. 9.—The suffragettes are going before the supreme court of the United States and fight for the right of women to vote.

This announcement was made yesterday at the headquarters of the National Progressive Women Suffrage Union, No. 122 East Twenty-third street.

Here is how their plans are set forth in today's announcement:

"The National Progressive Women's Suffrage Union solicits immediate contributions to carry the fight for women's suffrage to the supreme court of the United States and there begin proceedings this week to compel the state of New York to recognize the right of women to full suffrage, as guaranteed by the constitution of the United States in each and every citizen regardless of sex."

The women who tried to register on Monday were led by Dr. Julia Sears, a practicing physician of New York, and her daughter, Mrs. June L. Walton, a dentist.

EVERYBODY FLIES.

225-pound Briton Aboard the Wright
Machine Yesterday.

Le Mans, France, Oct. 9.—Wilbur Wright yesterday morning took three British aeroplanes, the Hon. C. S. Rolls, Griffiths Brewer and Frank Bader, on four-minute flights. Brewer weighs 225 pounds. A fairly strong wind was blowing.

The Aero club of Sarth will open a subscription with which to provide a souvenir for presentation to Wilbur Wright.



The Pills That Cure Sciatica

That sciatic rheumatism can be cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is evidenced by the case of Mrs. Stewart McEwan, of Fort Hunter, Pa. She says:

"For five months I was under a doctor's care, suffering from what he termed chronic sciatic rheumatism. The disease settled in my hips and knees and I suffered intense darting pains. So severe was the pain at times that I would have to cry out, and sometimes I was perfectly helpless. My limbs were so sore that I was unable to bear the weight of the bed clothes over me. I was extremely nervous, had no color, and did not seem to have much blood. I had no appetite and food caused me great distress. I was constipated and suffered constantly from a dull throbbing headache."

"I had no strength and was reduced in flesh until I was a mere skeleton. As the doctor could not help me, I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which were recommended by an aunt. After using the pills a short time I noticed a decided change for the better, and I kept on with them until the rheumatism left me entirely."

Dr. Williams' PINK PILLS

Per box 75 cents; 6 boxes, \$4.00, at all druggists or from Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

SERVIA PRO- VOKING WAR?

Sending Armed Bands Into
Herzegovina

AUSTRIA ORDERS TROOPS

To Protect New Boundaries—Turkish
Warships Sail for Cretan Waters—
Reminds the Declaration of the
Union with Greece.

Boston, Oct. 9.—The Transcript sums up the Eastern situation as follows: "Is Turkey to be robbed of all of her European possessions by the use of the pen rather than of the sword. Within a few days Bulgaria has declared her freedom; Austria has annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina; Crete has announced her union with Greece; Montenegro has severed the bond that bound her to Austria under the Berlin treaty; the Arnauts, the leading clans of Albania, are reported to have published a declaration of independence; in fact no division of Turkey in Europe save Adrianople and crushed and bleeding Macedonia has been so poor as to do Turkey reverence. 'What are you going to do about it?' is in effect the answer of Bulgaria, Austria and the others to the protests against their violations of the Treaty of Berlin. And sure enough what is Europe going to do about it? Bulgaria will not return to the Turkish bonds, no matter how loose, without shedding her blood. Austria says to the Powers that she favors in principle a conference of Europe on the Berlin treaty—if the program suits her. Russia, Serbia, Montenegro, Italy and even Turkey herself are looking for 'compensation' if the treaty is altered. Serbia is fighting mad; that is, her people are, and they demand war rather than submission to Austria's annexation of Bosnia. The clamor of the multitude, however, may be controlled. The chief danger from Serbia lies in the armed bands said to be entering Bosnia and Herzegovina for the purpose of starting guerrilla warfare. Austria is mobilizing two or three army corps and sending troops to the frontier to prevent invasion. Bulgaria is angered at the latest 'insolent' note from Turkey and has telegraphed a recognition of her independence, meanwhile calling in the army chief for consultation. Turkey has despatched a fleet toward Cretan waters, but as Greece has accepted the island's offer of union, it is likely to find a Grecian fleet before it. Montenegro is not satisfied with Austria's acts and stands with Serbia. Perhaps as perilous a feature as any of the whole situation is the reported intention of the Arnauts of Albania to declare their independence. If this be true and Turkey endeavors to restrain them by force a season of bloodshed that might not be confined to the immediate region is possible. On the whole, the situation today is distinctly worse than it was yesterday. England will do well to put no obstacle in the way of a European conference. This cannot undo much of what has been done, but it can confirm it and give it some sort of status."

INTERESTED IN IRISH CAUSE.

The American Attitude Surprises Redmond.

New York, Oct. 9.—John E. Redmond and John Fitzgibbon, who came here to raise funds for the home rule party, returned to Ireland yesterday on the steamer Cedric. They said they had been surprised to note the interest on this side in the Irish cause was not confined to Irish Americans alone. The third member of the party, Joseph E. Devlin, was left behind for a few weeks longer to complete the work of organizing the Irish league in this country.

Man Holds Off.

Boston, Oct. 9.—The Rev. Dr. Alexander Mann, rector of Trinity church, when formally notified yesterday of his election as Bishop of Washington, told the four members of the diocesan committee that he would announce no decision as yet, but said the matter would be settled within a week.

DETECTING A DETECTIVE.

(Copyright, 1907, by J. G. Reed.)

Detective Quirk of police headquarters was a good man. With outsiders that meant that he was honest and faithful and would not betray his trust. With his chief it meant that he did not have to watch him quite so closely as he did the others of his staff. Mr. Quirk had never read the stories by Gaboriau, De Bolskoby or Vidocq. Romance had nothing to do with his taking up detective work. He was not down on crime and criminals and hunting bad men into prison from any feeling of duty toward the law.

Mr. Quirk realized that as a detective he had a good thing in his grasp. There was a field open to him that is open to no other man outside the profession. It was for him to work that field. Detectives have sold themselves out for a few hundred or a few thousand dollars. In Mr. Quirk's opinion such men were asses and had mistaken their vocation. He sighed to be rich, but he didn't propose to blunder about it. He must first get a standing with his superiors and the public. He worked for five years to accomplish this. A dozen traps were set for him, but he escaped them all by being incorruptible. He won a case for all it was worth, and he never let up or compromised. If he caught a broker in a gambling house he had no more mercy on him than the thief he caught stealing lead pipe. The burglar who offered him \$1,000 to look the other way for a moment fared as did the politician who offered him a like sum to "let up" in court. His fellow detectives pocketed their "divvies" and called him a fool, and his chief looked over his reports and almost believed that he had found a subordinate deserving of a medal.

The day came when Mr. Quirk realized that he had established his reputation and that he could pull off his scheme with safety. He had it in view for a year. He had several times been called in by the president of the National bank to straighten out crooked things and had thus become well acquainted with the bank messenger, old Folsom. Folsom was sixty years old. He walked with a hobble. He had rheumatism, and old age had weakened him. Yet the bank kept him, and seemingly by some act of Providence he had never been attacked by the illness always looking for a good thing. In making his rounds he sometimes carried \$200,000 in checks. In returning to the bank he sometimes brought \$200,000 in cash with him. Mr. Quirk fully realized what an easy thing it was, but he uttered no word of warning. He was waiting to establish his reputation.

After calling at the last bank on his route old Folsom always took a short cut through an alley to reach his own institution. It wasn't an alley so much as it was a passageway. It was only six feet in width and used by pedestrians only. At any moment from 10 o'clock in the morning till 3 in the afternoon you could look up or down the alley, and count at least twenty pedestrians coming or going. There were doors opening into the rear of office buildings, and there was one door opening into an empty building that had formerly been a rag shop. One afternoon Folsom failed to return to the bank at his usual hour. When half an hour had passed, an alarm was given. Men were found who had seen him in the alley, but an alarm of fire was on at the time, and there were much excitement and confusion. At 10 o'clock that night Folsom was found in the old rag shop. He had received a severe blow on the head and was tied and gagged. Something like \$130,000 in cash had been taken from his satchel. It was Mr. Quirk who was given the case, and it was Mr. Quirk who found the old man after a long hunt.

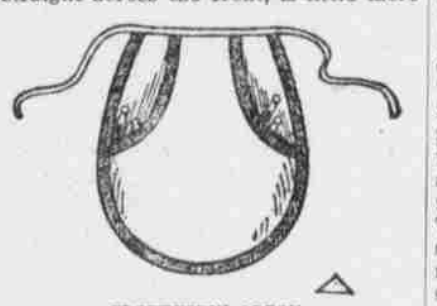
It was four days before Folsom regained consciousness and told his story. There was very little to tell. He had backed up against the door to stand for a moment and look for the fire, and the door had been opened. He had been drawn in, and then followed the blow on the head and darkness. He had not even seen his assailant.

He was very grateful to Mr. Quirk, and he felt the fullest confidence in him, and yet there was a clue that he suppressed. Why he did he could not have told himself. As he felt he must have grasped the man's coat and torn off a button, for there was the button clinked tightly in his hand. They took it from him at the hospital and, strangely enough, said nothing about it until two weeks later when he was discharged. Then it was among his things. Folsom could not make it out at first. It had the name of a tailor on it, and he had never patronized the man. He believed he had seen buttons like that on a business suit, and it came to him after that the suit belonged to Mr. Quirk. The tailor corroborated him.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

An Apron to Hold Clothespins When
Hanging Out the Wash.

The clothespin bag is a time honored institution, but it is extremely awkward to use when hanging out clothes, and the clothespin apron, which is made by turning up a long piece of material to make one long pocket straight across the front, is little more



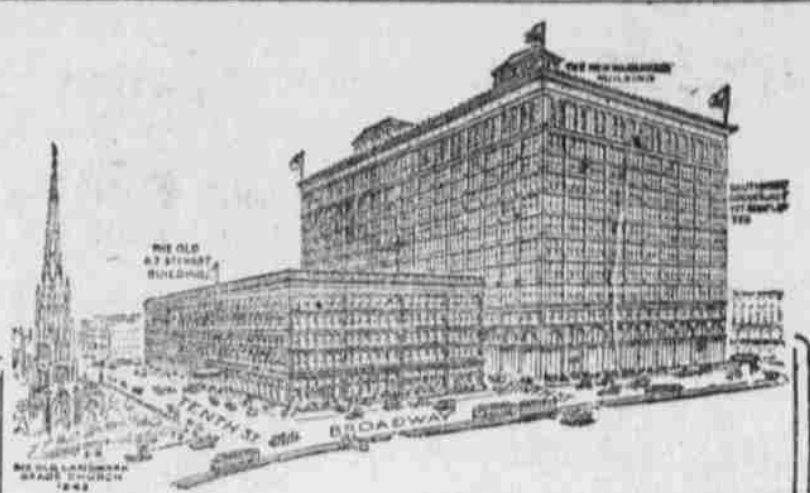
convenient, as the pins are likely to drop out of it when one stoops over to reach for the clothes. The apron illustrated is quite as simple to make as the other and is much handier, as it is so constructed that the pins will not drop out.

It should be made of ticking or some other strong, heavy material. The apron is made in two large pieces. The first one is the under piece, which is cut in the shape shown in the illustration. The second piece is the same shape as the first around the bottom, but is cut out at the sides. These two pieces are sewed together around the bottom as far up as the place where they are cut out and are joined at the top by the belt. There is a large pocket with two side openings is formed. The apron and pockets may be bound with red calico, and a loop to hang it up by should be sewed to the back of the belt.

Hay's Hair Health

Never Fails to Restore
Gray Hair to Its Natural
Color and Beauty.

No matter how long it has been gray or faded, Promotes a luxuriant growth of healthy hair. Stops its falling out, and positively removes dandruff. Keeps hair soft and glossy. Refuse all substitutes. 2½ times as much in \$1.00 as 50c. size. Is Not a Dye. 50c. and 50c. bottles, at druggists. Send for free book "The Care of the Hair." Hay's Hair Soap cures Pimples, red, rough and chapped hands, and all skin diseases. Keeps skin fine and soft. 25c. drug stores. Send for free book "The Care of the Skin." RED CROSS PHARMACY.



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Every order you send to John Wanamaker, New York, for goods amounting to five dollars or over (unless the goods are unusually heavy or bulky, or you ask to have them sent C. O. D.) will be delivered, prepaid, to your nearest express or freight station.

Of course, packages of light weight are sent by mail, prepaid, to any post-office or any rural free delivery route in this state.

You get the newest things, foreign and American, the choicest and correct styles, the low and always guaranteed Wanamaker prices, and it costs you nothing to have the goods sent home.

It is just like LIVING NEXT DOOR TO WANAMAKER'S.

Just write us a letter whenever we can serve you, and send at once for OUR NEW CATALOGUE, which is sent free upon request.

JOHN WANAMAKER NEW YORK CITY

JINGLES AND JESTS

The Future.

Tommy—Say, papa, I wish you would tell me something.
Papa—Well, what is it?
Tommy—When you were a little boy, was my papa?—Chicago News.

Struck Senseless.

"When she hit him with the golf ball, did it knock him senseless?"
"I guess so. I understand they are soon to marry."—Town and Country.

To Henry.

[A fortnight ago Henry and Methuselah, the ancient and elephantine tortoises at the Zoo, were tucked up for their six months' winter doze. Methuselah went off at once into a dreamless sleep, but Henry has been suffering from insomnia and wandering away from his bed.]
Henry, summer has departed,
Cockey lies thy winter bed;
Wherefore, therefore, has thou started
From the couch that we have spread?
Lo, Methuselah beside thee
Sleeps with calm unruffled breast;
Henry, let the blankets hide thee!
Rest, perturbed spirit, rest!

Don't thou scorn the foolish notion
That a tortoise should be tame
When an ocean of emotion
Lages in his fevered frame?
Tell me, then, what passion surges
Through thy troubled bosom?
Why thy wretched head emerges
From thy agitated shell?

Is thy tender heart so shaken
Thinking of the coral strand
Whence thy graceful form was taken
By some sportive human hand?
Dost thou see the palms and mangoes
Where the painted parrots scream
And the monkeys danced fandangoes
While thy fathers lay and dreamed?

Has some freak of fancy made thee
Fondly think of her who bore—
Rather let us say, who laid thee
On that sandy, sun-kissed shore?
Is thy bosom coral-laden
As thy wistful fancies fly
To some fair crustacean maiden
Loved in centuries gone by?

Or—who knows how many a winter
Thou hast slept serenely through?
Thou mayst be the faded sprinter
Whom the old Aeacus knew,
And to-day, when all around thee
Talk about Olympic sports,
Happily has some rumor found thee
In the Zoo's frequented courts—

Happily thou has heard some story
How the hare of old R. C.
Keer round thee in a swarm,
One hath told thee that the hare is
Once again in her old form—
H. I say, such words were spoken
They were but an idle jest;
Therefore be thy dreams unbroken
Rest, perturbed spirit, rest!

—Punch.

BIG GAME IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

Zambesi a Sportsman's Paradise, Says
a Man Who Crossed The Country.

"I consider Central Africa to be the sportsman's paradise," said J. J. Reynard of the Cape to Carlo telegraph construction staff. Mr. Reynard, who had come down to Cape Town for a short visit, has been for 10 years in the various British portions of Central Africa south and north of the Zambesi. "Game is so plentiful," he said, "that in passing vlei lands I have seen eland, zebra, hartebeest, reedbuck and rhino grazing together, while hippo are plentiful in almost all rivers. I have myself shot six of these in one hunt, all the most being saved for the camp by the natives, who dry what they do not eat."

"Lions are as common as jackals, and their roaring at night around the hunter's camp is constant, but they are not frequently seen and it is far safer to travel through the veld than by river, where lurk the dreaded crocodile. I have known 40 natives taken in one year by crocodile. If the sportsman takes the train in the dry season to Broken Hill, the present terminus of the line, he will find all the sport he requires."

Mr. Reynard, himself a striking advertisement of the salubrity of the climate, is strongly of opinion that the elevated portions of the vast inland territory will carry Europeans. "European children in the country," he said, "are very healthy, and though there are not many European women who are there, they appear to thrive. You must understand, however, that communication is not easy, that the stations are 100 miles apart, and that all travelling is done with the help of native porters. The travelers' loads are carried on the heads of the porters and the travelers on the porters' shoulders in the makhilla." A makhilla, it may be explained, is a kind of litter. A woman traveler who recently published a book on her journeyings between the Cape and Cairo was so carried nearly all the way. Note that Mr. Reynard referred to the "elevated" parts of the country, not the river valleys, in his remark upon the salubrity of the climate.

"The natives," he says, "are exceedingly loyal people, more especially in the British portions of Central Africa known as North-east Rhodesia and Nyassaland Protectorate. During many years' residence in the country during which I have traveled many thousands of miles, I have never met with an insubordinate chief. The European traveler on approaching a kraal is met at the village by the chief and is pointed out the best site for his camp, while water and fuel are provided by the chief's wives. "Invariably the traveler is presented with food, in some parts with a young cow, in others with sheep, goats, fowls or pigeons. Labor is cheap and adults will work away from the civilized centers such as Blantyre for the official standard wage of three shillings per month, together with one yard of calico per week used in exchange for food. Again the native porter will carry a 50-pound load a distance of 200 miles for five shillings, together with four yards of calico." The people are fonder of work than those in the south, but owing to the high mortality among those who went to the Rand mines the imperial government stopped recruiting. —From the Cape Argus.

For Stomach Troubles

When there is distress after eating or drinking, or your food doesn't "set well," the digestion is deranged and the stomach needs to be toned and strengthened. A natural appetite and a perfect digestion can be assured and you will enjoy your food if you will get a box of

Beecham's Pills

and use them according to the simple directions printed on the wrapper. Acute indigestion, lassitude, flatulence, "qualmsiness," and other uncomfortable and distressing sensations after eating, are quickly righted with a dose or two of these little wonder workers for a weak digestion. In all acute forms of stomach trouble Beecham's Pills

Are Wonderfully Effective

In boxes 10c. and 25c., with full directions